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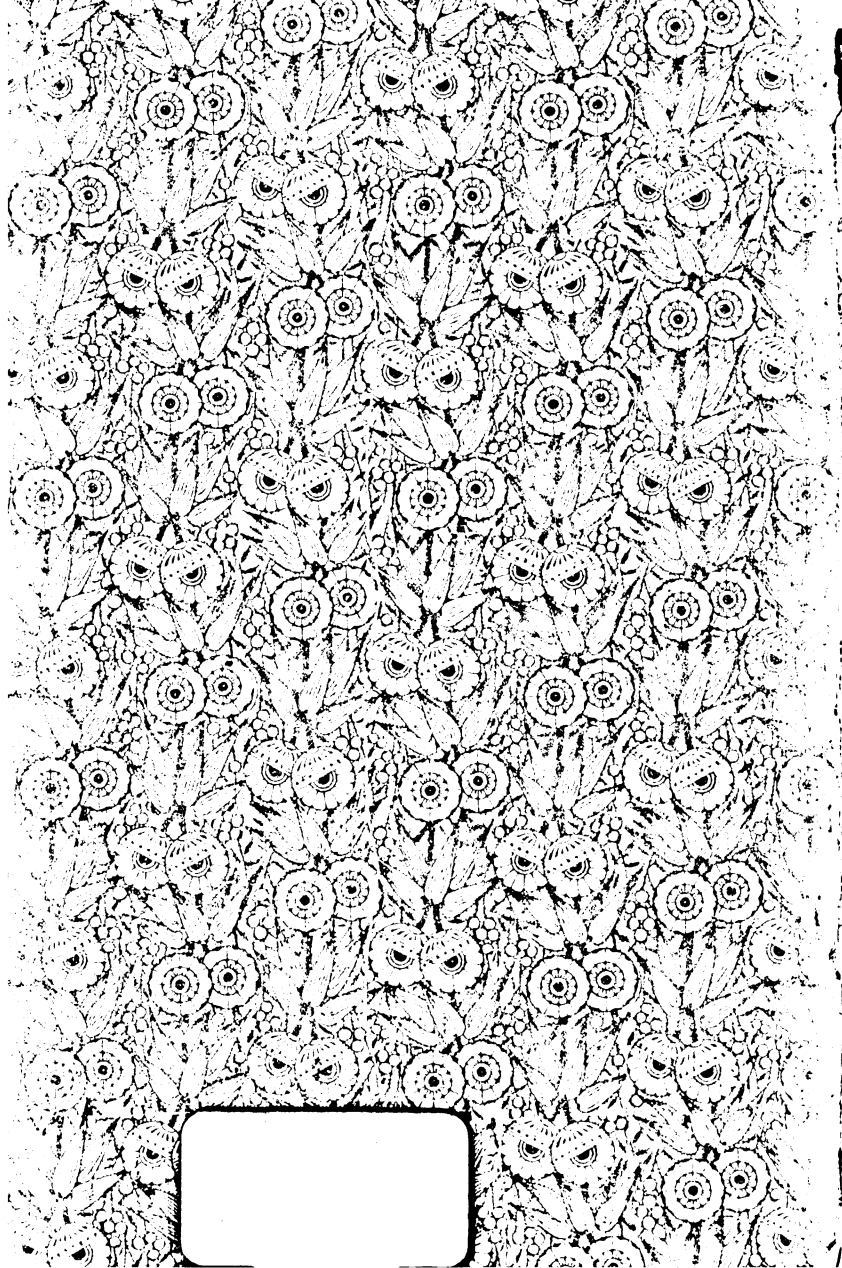
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A  
Symphony  
IN  
DREAMLAND

ALICE E. LORD





1, Poetry, American,

my 24

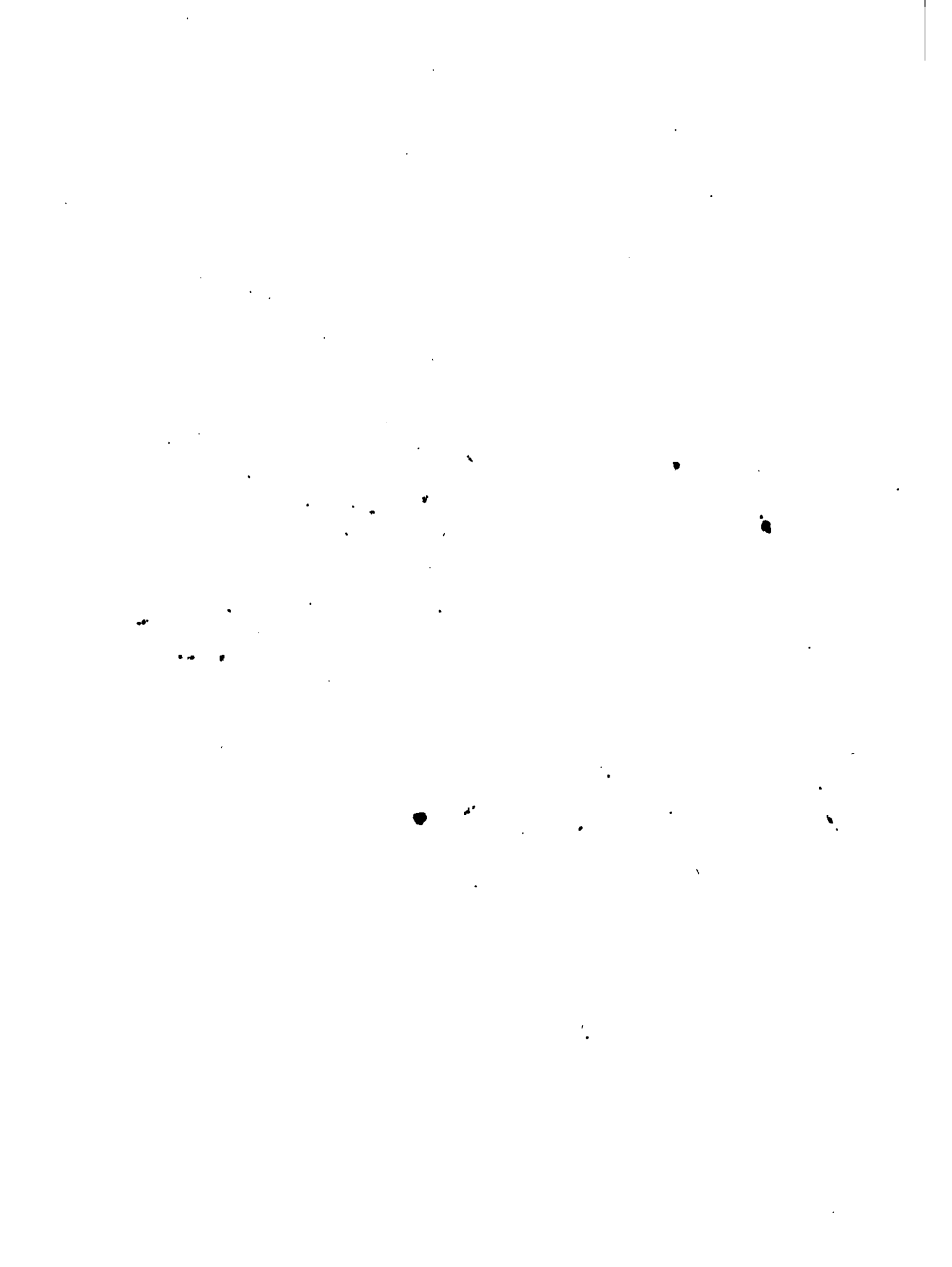
For "My Ladye"

With the dearest love of  
The Author

Jan 1st 1886.

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Lord

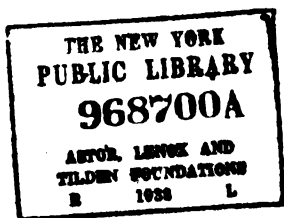


A  
Symphony  
IN  
DREAMLAND  
ALICE E. LORD

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NEW YORK  
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1882  
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DEDICATED TO MY HUSBAND.

**T**O thee, Dear Heart, whose loving sympathy  
Has cheered when darkness held my soul in  
thrall,

Whose tender counsels bade me hope and work,  
I dedicate this effort—'t is my all.

'T is but the wayside flowers I stooped to cull  
From paths that ofttimes rough and barren  
seemed ;  
Take them, ere they are faded : weeds are sweet  
If they hold memories of the dreams we 've  
dreamed.

Take them, Dear Heart, as messengers of love ;  
As daisies, clover, violets tell their tale  
In floral tongue—interpreting our thoughts—  
So speak these flowers I bring thee from the vale.

J 9 Y 4

## ALLEGRO-MAESTRO.

---

### DREAMLAND.

**T**HERE is a land where I can go  
And none may know ;  
Where skies are brighter, far, than ours ;  
Where sweetest flowers  
Bloom ever ; where no winter's blast  
Need ever cast  
Its touch of death. This happy land  
Is close at hand,  
And I can reach it by a thought ;  
Yet there is nought  
To guide another to its shore ;  
There is no door,  
Nor road, nor boat, that we can show.  
Each one must go  
Alone, and in his separate way.  
Still, any day  
'T is open to each soul that longs  
To hear its songs.  
It is a land where we can lay  
Our dead away—  
Dead loves, dead hopes, dead selves, dead friends,—  
Yet here death ends ;—  
They live again to greet us here  
When we draw near.



To throw the nestling shadows o'er the grass ;  
The golden grain that waves as breezes pass ;  
The luscious scent of clover on the air,  
And thousand mingled sweets that hover there ;  
The happy bird-notes ringing through the drone  
Of insect-harper's pulsing, drowsy tone,—  
Methinks all this is *Nature's Symphony*.

The clouds may gather fast, and spread on high  
Their leaden veil to catch the golden showers  
The sunbeams fling on grass and trees and flowers ;  
Perchance the rain may fall in silvery lines,  
And drive its arrows through the oaks and pines,  
And o'er the meads and fields send little rills,  
And swell to rivers, streams among the hills ;  
'T is the *Adagio*, weird and grave and gray,  
To the *Allegro* of the summer's day.

Then if the theme, the golden, flashing sun  
Shine through the drops ere yet the day be done,  
And quiver o'er the weeping grass and grain,  
Paint sunset clouds with rose and gold again,  
To Nature's *Larga-Allegretto*, shall  
The moon and constellations write—*Finale*.

So Beauty, in God's noblest work, to me  
Seems shaped upon the model, Symphony—  
The handsome features, stately form and grace,  
Calm eyes, and winning smile of charming face.  
Each lovely part is needed for the whole,  
And faultless body needs a noble soul.  
Else does the Symphony fail of its end ;  
For man may mar what God doth nobly blend.

Thus have I dared use Nature as my guide  
To lure my fledglings through the empyrean, wide.  
If we would soar at all, we must be bold ;  
Though broken flights scarce reach the goal, we  
hold :

With Dreamland for a theme, I can pursue,  
Through many a field, the heights that lie in view ;  
And, loving Nature, follow close her lead,  
Though failing oft—at last I may succeed.

---

### MY HOME.

**T**HERE 's a wee little nest  
Where the world's staring eye,  
In search of gaudy treasures,  
Would pass the plain thing by ;  
Full of sunshine and flowers,  
And the work of tasty hands ;  
But the secret I 'll not tell you  
Where my bonny cottage stands.

In my wee little nest  
Are true, loving hearts,  
Replete with every blessing  
That trusting love imparts ;  
Little faces at the door,  
Little birds in the nest,—  
With love-light and with sunlight,  
My bonny home is blest.

But a cloud rolls along,  
Passing over my sun,

And my dear little home  
Lies a wreck and all undone ;  
Only one heart is left,  
Mourning love and love's sweet home ;  
They say 't was but a day-dream,  
And still homeless I must roam.

---

## DAY-DREAMS.

**A**H ! the merry days of childhood,  
Days of innocence and trust,  
Ere deceit and disappointment  
Taint the ringing steel with rust ;  
When at dreams of fêtes and frolics  
Dance the little fairy feet,  
When the present is all beauty,  
And each pleasure is complete.

After childhood's merry revels  
Come the golden dreams of youth,  
When young hearts are full of visions,  
And all visions seem but truth ;  
How they paint a glowing future  
Peopled with ideal friends !  
How they dream of great achievements !  
Then, alas ! the vision ends.

Then come life's substantial duties,  
And its dark necessities ;  
All youth's happy dreams have vanished  
Into dull realities.

All their gaily lighted fancies  
Like a taper flicker out,  
Leaving them to grope in darkness,  
And to struggle against doubt.

Now the dream of manhood wakens  
Different from the youthful dream  
As the stagnant pool's reflection  
From the sparkle of the stream.  
'T is the offspring of ambition  
And a heart grown warped and cold,  
When we know the good we work for  
Is the only good we hold.

When earth's fighting time is over—  
Ere the long and dreamless rest,—  
To the aged comes a vision,  
Of earth's dreams, the last and best.  
All the past is spread before them,  
Beautified by Time's kind hand ;  
And the future that awaits them  
Is our Father's Promised Land.

---

#### MAIDEN-FAITH.

**S**OMEWHERE, in this world of sorrow,  
Midst its turmoil and despair,  
Waits for me a quiet corner,  
Peaceful refuge from all care ;  
Warmed with love and tender friendship  
Barred to other touch than mine,

Only waiting till I enter  
To unfold its joys divine.

Somewhere, midst the world of wanderers,  
Each on his life's scheme intent,  
Waits *one* life, that for completion  
Needs my strength to bring content ;  
Needs my might of love and friendship  
Counsel, prayers, and sympathy,  
E'en as I need his, to perfect  
What there is of good in me.

Somewhere is he waiting for me,  
Even as for him I wait ;  
Little matter if he 's near me,  
Or if he come soon or late.  
Each may find some soul's ideal,  
Ere each meets the other one,  
Still our souls will know each other  
When the waiting time is done.

Somewhere he is looking for me  
Though he knows not it is I ;  
While I 'm busy, working, dreaming,  
Waiting for him, silently.  
And I 'll know him when I meet him ;  
He is wise, and good, and true,  
Tender, earnest in his manhood,  
He will read my spirit through.

Somewhere, when a life is brightened  
By prosperity and peace ;  
Somewhere, when a heart is shadowed  
By life's conflicts and distress,

When God's own good time has reached us,  
I those joys and griefs shall share,  
In his heart rest my disquiet,  
Find and bring contentment there.

---

## LES CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

**B**ENEATH the maples, arched o'erhead,  
With sunbeams dripping through their  
green,

A maiden sits, with golden hair—  
Gold as the sunlight's dancing sheen.

'Neath sunny hair, her violet eyes  
Are gazing dreamily into space,  
And heeding not the twittering birds,  
And flowers that nod before her face.

She never heeds the snowy clouds,  
That float like boats o'er azure skies ;  
Or beauty spread around her feet,—  
A far-off look is in her eyes.

Awaken, dreamer, from your dreams ;  
You 're chasing phantoms of the wind,  
You 're losing youth's sweet morning time ;  
And leaving *real* delights behind.

Your visions are but luring dreams  
Of noble knights on fiery steeds,  
Of dazzling castles in the air,  
Of chivalry and valorous deeds.

Come back, come back, O little maid !  
 Those dreams will lead you to a land  
 Where all is vague, and weird, and dark,  
 Where none can take you by the hand.

Who wander in that elfin land  
 Where wingéd arrows strike the eyes  
 Henceforth are blind to earthly joys,—  
 They view old scenes with sad surprise.

Come back, I pray you, little one,  
 And see what beauties round you spread :  
 Come back, ere it has grown too late,  
 And hope's fair sunshine fades o'erhead.

A mother's arms will clasp more close  
 Than any knight's in elfin land  
 (And mothers may not always stay) ;  
 Beware how you let go her hand !

The future that you paint so bright  
 Comes never to a human life :  
 The now, the here, is all we have ;  
 All else with tears and snares is rife.

---

### OUR YESTERDAYS.

**S**LOWLY out of nature's storehouse  
 Loom up lofty forest-trees ;  
 Each day's mite of growth is added,  
 Perfecting by slow degrees.

So our lives are, in their building,  
Shaped by every circumstance ;  
Here a pain, and there a blessing,  
Hardly with a passing glance.

Yet these little things are telling  
In the tone our spirits take ;  
Day by day they weave a life-woof  
Which no strength of ours can break.

'Thoughtless words and careless manner  
Often check the coming joy ;  
'T is our "Yesterdays" that tell us  
What To-day's mistakes destroy.

'T is the "Yesterdays" that show us  
All the eras of our lives,  
Spinning out the half-wrought fabric  
With the thread of what survives.

"Yesterdays" show but too plainly  
All the joys that might have been ;  
Where we lost our place, in telling  
The heart-story, from within.

All the future seems a dreamland  
When we waken in To-day,  
And To-day's too near for weighing  
Drift of deeds and words, we say ;

But the "Yesterdays" will gather  
Scattered pages as they fall,  
And the tale our lives are telling  
Grows from treasuring them all.

## SABBATH BELLS.

**M**ARK ! I hear the murmuring of bells—  
Distant bells that pulse the city's heart !  
Silvery throb from hill to hill that tells,  
What their wordless messages impart !  
Murmuring Bells !

List ! The many voices rise and fall  
With a resonance that fills all space,  
Many-toned, yet blending, each with all,  
Till sonorous echoes reach this place.  
Chiming Bells !

Wherefore should my heart respond so fast  
To this far-off music of the bells ?  
Is it that they whisper of the past ?  
Can it be hope's voice that still foretells ?  
O ye Bells !

---

THE WANDERER.

**O**NE morning, when all earth was bright,  
A boy set out in glad delight  
To find the road to wealth and fame,  
And on earth's records set his name.

On either side an Angel stood :  
One whispered evil, one was good.  
One lured him down each flowery track,  
The other gently led him back.

For in the road his feet must take  
Lay rocks and briers ; and many a break  
Showed two paths leading to his goal—  
One bright to tempt his doubting soul.

Hope beckoned on, and oft he flew  
To reach yon temple, just in view ;  
But streams and mountains intervened,  
And sudden turns the palace screened.

He grew perplexed : “ Which path was straight ? ”  
His tempter whispered : “ Stop and wait ;  
Why plod and climb the weary steep ?  
’T is pleasant here, come rest and sleep.”

His face has lost its radiant smile ;  
Deep lines of suffering and guile  
Are furrowed on his weary brow ;  
Where is the better Angel now ?

Far back, where he had turned astray,  
The patient Angel, in dismay,  
Unheeded, scorned, called : “ I will wait ;  
Return, ere it has grown too late.”

At night the wanderer reached the gate  
And knocked ; but he had come too late,  
Too worn and soiled to claim his place ;  
He crouched below, and hid his face.

And while he stood, in mute despair—  
His tempter following even there,—  
Death beckoned. Then the wanderer cried :  
“ Come, patient Angel, to my side ! ”

"Forgive my wasted life and powers,  
My cold neglect, my idle hours !  
Lead me to heaven !" And from his clay,  
The Angel bore his soul away.

---

HEIMWEH.

**I** KNOW a home, a sunny home,  
Where I can wander as I will,  
From room to room, upstairs and down ;  
For I am mistress of it still.

Sweet quiet reigns within its walls,  
For only those I love are there ;  
No strangers haunt each room and door,  
No stranger's foot is on the stair.

My loved one greets me gaily here,  
Within these sacred walls of home ;  
No curious eyes can question us,  
No careless step can hither roam.

I know a home, with curtains drawn—  
Enfolded round the warmth and light ;  
The glow of summer noon is there,  
Though outside there are snow and night.

I know each picture on the walls,  
Each gem in bronze or bisque or brass ;  
The dainty chairs, the carpets bright,  
I greet as friends whene'er I pass.

Oh, bonny home ! oh, dreamland home !  
My heart yearns for you night and day ;  
What cruel fate has barred your door,  
And forced my steps another way ?

## ADAGIO.

---

### LA TRISTESSE.

**T**HE snow lies white and soft across the hills,  
And rugged steeps and jagged valleys fills ;  
It spreads rough knots and black impurities  
With seamless mask, that fair and level lies.

The bare, brown earth with ghostly shroud is  
spread,  
Marred by no mark, save rabbit's dimpled tread ;  
And snowy-powdered twig and branch of pine,  
Form lovely lace-work where they intertwine.

And yet, methinks the Earth this beauty wears  
As a disguise, to hide the scars she bears,  
When summer charm and freshness, dying, left  
Our earth in widow's weeds, like one bereft.

The thought is sad to me ; so like our hearts  
That try to mask their gloom when joy departs !  
We wear a surface of gay smiles, to hide  
The shadowed cares and bitterness inside.

Aye ! it is well to veil, with careless grace,  
Our deeper selves from this world's staring face ;  
Our precedent from Nature's self we bring,  
Who rounds her angles with soft covering.

And like the snows, our masks oft melt away  
And show scarred features to the eye of day.  
Fall on, bright flakes, and pile up, white and deep .  
Smile on, sad eyes, 't is better than to weep !

---

### THE HOUSEHOLD SKELETON.

**E**VERY home, how bright soever,  
Has its secret hid away ;  
Has its ghost in some dark corner,  
Hidden from the light of day.

Some homes seem all joy and sunshine,  
Hearts seem light and free from care,  
And we wonder if a shadow  
Ever throws its darkness there.

Yet, if we, unseen, could enter,  
We should see a restless fear,  
That the skeleton they banished  
Suddenly might reappear.

God has left in every household  
Something to make earth less bright ;  
Each heart knows what secret sorrow  
It keeps smothered, out of sight.

---

### THE WAITING ONES.

**I**O some 't is given to stand and wait,  
And watch the green mould of decay

Steal o'er their work ; because stern Fate  
Has scourged them back and barred the way.

Some lives stand ever on the brink  
Of joy. They wait through all life's day  
To see hope's sun shine out and sink,  
And drag their sunset tints to gray.

They wait and watch some coming good  
That flings its radiance ahead.  
'T was for another ; where they stood  
Falls but the shadow, cold and dead.

As starving children through a pane  
Watch others at a rich repast,  
They see the boon they crave in vain  
On happy, sated favorites cast.

To some 't is given to wait and yearn  
Till faith slow smoulders into doubt,  
Till love and hope to ashes turn,  
And all life's fires have burned out.

Courage leaps up for valorous deeds,  
And time will wipe out sorrow's tears ;  
But for the waiting heart's sore needs,  
Patience grows threadbare through long years.

Aye ! if the lines grow hard and deep,  
And eyes grow cavernous that wait,  
'T is nobler, cheerful hearts to keep,  
Than conquer worlds when helped by Fate.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN  
THE LORD."

**W**HEN I am gone, write on my tomb  
No sad regret, no word of gloom.  
Write this sweet balm for eyes that weep :  
"He giveth His Beloved, sleep."

If friends come to my quiet bier,  
And loving hearts would drop a tear,  
This is no place for them that weep :  
"He giveth His Beloved, sleep."

Tears were for life, and grief for care,  
God's dead are freed from life's despair.  
For disappointments o'er, why weep ?  
"He giveth His Beloved sleep."


---

STEP BY STEP.

**T**HROUGH all our lives some eras mark the  
way,  
As dawn and sunrise lead to perfect day,  
Or as the crescent waxes to full moon,  
Then wanes to the bright horn that fades too soon.

Thus, through our lives, from cradle to the grave  
We climb from round to round : and he is brave  
Who from the topmost step looks calmly 'round  
And waits the next, that leads to the Beyond.

## LOST TREASURES.

 MOTHER kneeled before her babe,  
 With tender love-light in her face :  
 "God keep thee pure and true, my child !  
 God give thee every Christian grace !"

\* \* \* \* \*

The years roll on. That baby face  
 Now wears the look of morning skies ;  
 Whose smiles, like sunbeams, come and go,  
 'Neath misty veil of sweet surprise.

"Thou hast thy fourteen years, dear child—  
 The second stage of life on earth,—  
 'T is time thou shouldst thy jewels wear  
 That came as heirlooms at thy birth.

"These gems are thine," the mother said,  
 "To bind upon thy neck and brow ;  
 I pray thee, guard them day by day,  
 To keep them just as pure as now."

"This emerald, hope ; yon ruby, love ;  
 The topaz, joy (imprisoned sun)  
 Are for thy bosom ; for thy brow  
 This pearl of truth—a precious one !

"Ambition's diamond brightly gleams—  
 I 'd have thee use this gem with care ;—  
 This purple amethyst of pride,  
 Thou couldst, best, of thy jewels, spare.

"The sapphire, blue as summer skies,  
Is faith, the bond, the central clasp."  
"And must I wear them all?" she cried;  
And pressed them with a timid grasp.

\* \* \* \* \*

The years glide on, as time will go;  
The child has grown a woman now;  
She roams the cedars' freckled shade  
With drooping head and pensive brow.

"Gone! all gone!" she sadly moans;  
"I dropped them on life's tangled way.  
Those gems my mother held so dear  
Were lost, like stars before the day.

"The topaz was the first to go,—  
For joy can but to childhood cling;  
And next the bright green emerald fell,—  
Hope, too, seems only for the spring.

"Soon, soon my pearl of truth grew dark  
In noxious vapors which I breathed;  
I, somehow, lost it from my brow,  
That since, with shadows, has been wreathed.

"The ruby, lost and found again,  
Lies hidden now beneath the sea;  
And since I dropped that from my heart,  
Life has not been the same to me.

"I grasped my diamond closer, then  
Ambition's voice I would obey;

'T was flawed—my aims had soared too high,—  
In pain I flung it far away.

“ The amethyst alone is left.  
Would God that I had lost that too !  
For pride is full of bitter pain,  
When life is hedged and friends are few ! ”

---

## MARAHA.

Can it be true,  
That life is poisoned at its very source,  
That bitter dew  
Must fall into each fountain-head perforce ?

Can it be so,  
That when each life begins a demon waits—  
A deadly foe—  
To drop into the soul its chrism of hates ?

Can it be thus,  
That every hope and every joy is crossed,  
For some of us,  
By bitter taste of sweets we 've had and lost ?

Can it be just,  
That through all life, from cradle to the grave,  
All falls to dust,  
That we can grasp, or touch, or love, or crave ?


## CREDO.

Lord, I believe,  
 Believe that Thou art God ;  
 Yet when Thy chastening rod  
     Has made me grieve,  
 Faith wavers, and I cry, in grief :  
 " Lord, help my unbelief ! "

I believe in Thee,  
 That Thou dost guide my way ;  
 But darkness clouds my day,  
     And bright hopes flee.  
 I sink,—I need relief :  
 " Lord, help my unbelief ! "

In Thee I trust ;  
 Yet when Thou callest me  
 To wade through depths to Thee,  
     My strength is lost ;  
 Like him of old I cry :  
 " Lord, save me, or I die ! "

## ULTIMATUM.

 HETHER our lives be sad or gay,  
 Whether we learn to doubt or pray,  
 Whether we smile or weep alway,  
 It will all end alike one day.

Whether the road be short or long,  
 Whether our steps be weak or strong,

Lonely or set amid life's throng,  
Still to one goal we haste along.

Whether in brown-stone front we live,  
Whether we hoard, or spend, or give ;  
Whether in reeking dens we stay,  
There 's but one end to all, some day.

Wealth cannot save the millionaire,  
Nor gold bring one more hour to spare ;  
For cushioned ease and famine's fast,  
There 's but one bed for all at last.

---

#### BENEDICTION.

**G**OD'S *Peace* be with thee, friend of mine !  
And over thy heartstrings brood,  
Like a dove that croons its gentle note  
Where the spars of a wreck are strewed.

God's *Rest* be with thee, dear, my friend !  
To quiet thy troubled breast ;  
As the calm that lulls the surging storm  
To the sunset in the west.

God's *Smile* be on thee, oh, my friend !  
To make thy soul warm and bright ;  
As the sunbeams thaw the glittering snow  
With their glowing warmth and light.

God's *Love* be round thee, my beloved !  
To bless thee day by day ;  
Fulfil each hope, and crown each scheme,—  
A light to guide thy way.

## REST.

**I**O be at rest !  
Not idly folding hands on breast  
In dull repose ;  
But with a heart that no unrest,  
Nor craving knows.

Rest cannot come  
By sitting listlessly or dumb  
When duties press ;  
Though weary frame can sometimes numb  
The heart's distress.

Rest is the calm  
That makes our life a psalm  
Without discord,—  
An inward peace that, like a charm,  
Makes all accord.

This rest replete  
I'd choose, if scattered at my feet  
Lay every gift ;  
For only heart-rest makes life sweet  
Through change and drift.

---

SOMETIMES.

**S**OMETIMES, in God's glad sunshine  
We make a darkness round us with our fears,  
As sullen clouds obscure the sun,  
And shut his bright beams out, until it clears.

Sometimes, God waits to answer prayer  
Until our hearts are ready to receive ;  
Yet while we wait for Him to bless,  
We are too weak to trust Him and believe.

Sometimes, we thrust our needs at Him  
And cry : "Give me this thing to fill my heart,  
That I may better serve the Lord."  
Does He not know the best what gifts to impart ?

We think we wish to serve the Lord,  
And yet 't is oft to serve ourselves we pray ;  
And if He shows another path,  
Shall we not teach our feet to go His way ?

Sometimes we are afraid to take  
Some longed-for good that lies within our reach,  
Fearing the gap when it is gone ;—  
Mistrust, life's disappointments often teach.

Sometimes we leave all fears behind,  
And faith and love our earth-born clouds dispel ;  
Then, in a burst of song, we say :  
"He leadeth me"; "He doeth all things well."

---

VIOLETS.

**R**ICH, royal violet,  
Crimson and blue are knit  
Into the hue of it ;  
Love's stamp lies true on it ;  
Blue, as of summer sky,  
Mingled with sunset flush ;


Blue as a maiden's eye,  
Lit by her warmest blush !

Sweets that intoxicate  
In its breath lie in wait,  
Through the room percolate,  
My senses satiate.  
What is the fragrant spell  
Thrown o'er me by its breath ?  
Memories I dare not tell  
Rise, when I prayed their death.

What dainty, subtle sense  
Do its perfumes condense,  
Thus to recall events,  
Memories and joys intense ?  
Thoughts I had banished  
Out of my memory,  
Hopes that have vanished  
Come back to torment me.

---

### POURQUOI ?

NLY a little while  
To labor here,  
Only a little while  
If life be drear !  
Only a little while  
Bearing our cross,  
Only a little while  
Suffering loss !

Only a little while  
For life's bright days,  
Only a little while  
For pleasure's maze ;  
Time bears us swiftly on  
Over life's sea,  
Drifting us, daily, toward  
Our destiny.

Why sit we sorrowful  
Wasting our day,  
Grasping at shadows  
That vanish away ?  
What need it matter  
If earth disappoints,  
So heaven's peace, at last,  
Our life anoints !

---

### SHADOW AND SUN.



VER my lawn where the sunbeams play,  
Gleaming and glinting there, day by day,  
Summer flowers peep out and smile,  
To nod and bask in the sun awhile ;  
Or winter snows, on the cedar-bough,  
Scatter gems on the path below.

Over my lawn a shadow will creep,  
Spreading and lengthening, wide and deep ;  
After the morning's beautiful sun,  
Evening's shadows creep, one by one ;  
Summer flowers hide under the grass,  
Or sparkling snows grow bleak as they pass.

So in the heart's glad morning time,  
The sun of hope sheds its light divine,  
Pleasure and joy bud out and bloom,  
But a shadow is creeping to spread its gloom ;  
Sorrow and sin come thick and fast,  
And our sun is quenched in night at last.

Awake, sad heart, for the day will dawn  
The brighter, when night and shade are gone ;  
Shine out again, hope, while ye may,  
Ere disappointments close your day.  
Dusk follows day ; and shade, the sun—  
But there 's always a morrow when night is done.

Heart, O heart, when night is here,  
When ye stand alone, and all life seems drear,  
The God who divided night from day  
Will send your hope back, if you pray !  
Cloud not your day with discontent,  
Behold the rain-bow, round you bent.

---

### RUINED CASTLES.

**A**H, the woods, the sylvan shades !  
Dark and cool, and fresh and green !  
With waving tree-tops interlaced,  
And dancing sun-spots in between ;  
With rich old moss and matted grass,  
And the spicy earthen scents that pass.

How the cedar essence brings  
Subtle thoughts of long ago !  
And dreaming visions charm my brain,

As the opium-eater's fancies grow ;  
I give my soul to the witching spell  
That is thrown by the scent I love so well.

Ah, those visions, proud and fair !  
Dreams, bright dreams ! from which I woke  
And found my life's realities !  
My châteaux were but clouds of smoke ;  
But the fragrant woods are lovely yet,  
Recalling dreams I would not forget.

## ANDANTE.

---

CHARLES DICKENS.

“ Lord, keep my memory green.”



MAN with loving heart, sleep on !  
Thou hast too many friends, I ween,  
To need that last sad prayer of thine :  
“ Lord, keep my memory green.”

Thy fearless hand drew from the dark  
The darker secrets hidden there,  
And gave us broader views of life,  
Through scenes of sorrow and despair.

Thy suffering children pictured rise—  
Poor babies, thrust in dens of vice !—  
So old in misery, care, and toil,  
So brave, or crushed, or worldly-wise !

And pictured men with curious traits,  
Some bland, or soured, or crazed, or gay ;  
Some warped by wrong, some spoiled by wealth,  
Just as we know them here to-day.

Thou painted each abuse in life ;  
The wrongs in courts, in jails, in schools ;  
Religious, social, public shams,  
In baby-farms and poorhouse rules.

But brighter pictures thou hast drawn  
Of sweet and pure domestic love,  
Of cosey homes and trusting hearts,  
Where peace rests like a gentle dove.

Thy mirth and whimsicalities,  
Like sunbeams, steal through clouds of care ;  
Thy pathos conquers bitter hearts,  
And melts to tears, or wins a prayer.

We bless thee for these bits of life  
Portrayed with seer and artist's power !  
But heartier thanks for those bright scenes  
That cheer us many a lonely hour !

Thy works are monuments enough  
To insure thy immortality !  
Thine own the hand that wove the wreath  
To keep thy memory green for aye !

---

LONGFELLOW.

**L**ONGFELLOW ! sweetest singer of our land !  
Cold is the heart thy music can withstand,  
So full thy tone of human sympathy,  
So true and hopeful thy philosophy.

In shades of evening thou hast bid us seek  
Some humble poet " whose sweet thoughts should  
speak  
Of beauty and of faith " ; thyself we choose,  
Whose poems ne'er their heavenly birth abuse.

Earth, heaven, viewed by thy prophetic eye  
Show God's great love and nature's harmony.  
Never in shadow-land dost thou abide ;  
But seek'st perpetual sunlight, warm and wide.

The struggles of a simple Pilgrim Band  
Have grown heroic 'neath thy poet's hand ;  
Thy Indian idyls are with beauty rife,  
And ancient legends win from thee new life.

Thou throw'st a magic spell o'er everything ;  
Beauty springs from its grave when thou dost  
sing ;  
Our reverence seeks in vain a tribute meet,  
We can but lay our love before thy feet.

---

#### PICTURE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

**S**WEET picture of the Shepherd with the  
Lamb !

I look at thy sad Christ-face and grow calm ;  
For as He bore our sorrows, healed our grief,  
So in His love our troubles find relief.

Oh, weary head that had no place to rest !  
And arms that clasp a weak lamb to Thy breast !  
Thy look of love and sorrow makes me weep ;  
It says : " I lay My life down for My sheep ! "

Aye ! though we oftentimes stand cold and dumb,  
Thou waitest yet, dear Lord, for us to come.  
Oh, by Thy griefs and sorrows borne for me,  
Help me to leave the herd and follow Thee !

Thou saidest : " None shall pluck thee from My  
hand."

Thus, in Thy love my fainting faith shall stand ;  
Thus, on Thy bosom shall I rest my care,  
And, like a helpless lamb, lie nestled there.

---

### BABY BERTHA'S PICTURE.

**D**EAR little guileless face,  
Rounded and fair,  
Set in its golden frame  
Of shining hair !

How long will innocence  
Stamp that pure brow,  
Like a saint's halo  
Encircling it now ?

What depths of love and mirth  
In those blue eyes !  
When will they learn to read  
Futurities ?

What possibilities  
Lie in their sight !  
Will they interpret  
Life's cypher aright ?

Dear little rosebud mouth,  
Folded so still !  
In thy soft curves lie hid  
Signs of strong will.

Will the smile linger here  
In after years,  
Mid cares and trials,  
Mid struggles and tears ?

God keep thee, little one,  
In His own care !  
May thy sweet face fulfil  
Promise so fair !

May life's cares lightly touch  
Thy joyous heart,  
Leaving their discipline  
Without their smart !

---

## HAMMOCK SKETCHES.

**P**ENDULOUS between two trees,  
Nodding to the summer breeze,  
In my hammock gently swinging,  
With sweet bird-notes round me ringing,  
I would paint this lovely scene ;  
Yet my words are dead, I ween,—  
Colorless for nature's tinting,  
Light and shade, and sunbeam's glinting.

One long vista stretches down  
To the steepled, distant town ;  
Hills and valleys, quick succeeding,  
Grow more blue in their receding  
Back, until the blue horizon  
Their far mist-veiled summit lies on.

Near me slopes a deep ravine,  
Bordered by a tiny stream,  
Gurgling on and softly plashing,  
Often through the sunbeams flashing ;  
And the cows wind down the dell  
To the music of their bell.

Close around me, swelling high,  
On the hills stretched toward the sky,  
Pretty homes, like nests, are builded  
Where the far-off trees seem gilded.  
Here a field of golden grain  
Rounds off to a grassy plain ;  
There a garden terraced down  
Meets a clover-field, new mown.

Over hill and dell and wood  
Sunbeams pour a golden flood,  
Through the oaks and maples straying,  
On the mosses gently playing,  
Dripping through my leafy bower,  
Golden sun-flecks gently shower ;  
And the nodding, tasselled grasses  
Bow to each soft wind that passes.

---

## PICTURES, THREE.

## I.

**T**HE lake, with fragrant morning breath  
Not yet lifted from its breast,  
Blue of water, air, and sky,  
Distant hills in mist-veils dressed.

Green the forest on the shore ;  
Ferns and vines hang o'er the brink,  
Mirrored downward in the lake,  
Where the birds skim down to drink.

All the rippling, blue expanse  
Sends back diamond sparks of light,  
And along the pebbly beach  
Waves chase waves in mad delight.

All my sunny morning scene,  
With the glad birds on the wing,  
Pictures "*Hope and Buoyancy*,"—  
Nature's time to laugh and sing.

## II.

Ashen, this picture,  
With cloud piled on cloud ;  
The lake, like the sky,  
Purple-gray, heavy-browed.  
The winds lash the waters  
Till white-caps dash in ;  
And the spray is tossed high  
With a hiss and wild din.

The forests fling wildly  
Their arms to the sky,  
As the trees swaying back  
Turn white faces on high.  
The grain-fields are rolling  
Great billows of gold ;  
And the town in the distance  
Stands out, white and cold.

Yon fast-riding schooner  
Is stripped of its shrouds ;  
And frightened birds sail off,  
Like specks on the clouds.  
Aye ! if I could paint  
The wild sounds in the air,  
You 'd know that this picture  
Means "*Restless Despair*."

## III.

Waters gold as golden sky ;  
Golden boats sail, double, by ;  
Crimson splendor in the west,  
Crimson path on lakelet's breast !

Woodlands gay in autumn dyes,  
Stealing hues from sunset skies ;  
Maple, walnut, oak, and pine,  
Scarlet, gold, and green combine.


Here a cornfield's bound-up shocks  
Gaudy-tinted foliage mocks ;  
O'er yon trees, a sloping plain,  
Decked with stacks of hay or grain.

Fruitful earth has ceased to bear,  
Rest is painted on the air ;  
Hope fulfilled, with glory crowned,—  
Vanishing as soon as found.

Windows in yon little town,  
Send their sunset flashes down ;  
Bells from yonder spires disclose  
That this picture means "*Repose.*"

-----

THE TWO ANGELS.

 LITTLE cradle swinging low,  
And rocking gently to and fro ;  
A new-born soul lies nestled there,  
A new-born heart, to learn despair.

Another life has wakened here,  
To love or hate, to hope or fear ;  
And o'er that cradle angels bend—  
The spirits that each life attend.

God's Angel waits to help and bless ;  
But Evil, closer, tries to press ;  
For strife commences at our birth,—  
'T is but the heritage of earth.

Sleep ! little baby, while you may ;  
For sleep may flag, perchance, some day.  
O mother ! pray that Good prevail,  
That Evil's wily schemes may fail !

The sleeping baby smiles to hear  
God's Angel whispering in its ear.  
The other Angel comes anear,  
And baby's face is crossed by fear.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I bind Truth on thy brow, dear child,  
To make thee earnest, honest, mild."

"And *I* will teach thee cunning speech  
When truth thy purpose cannot reach."

"I give thee Love, to comfort thee ;  
I promise friends and sympathy ;  
If Evil's bane shall mar thy life,  
Love's ministry shall soothe its strife."

"And *I* shall show thee love grown cold,  
Friends treacherous, and hearts grown old ;  
I 'll prove that friendship 's but a name,  
And love, a quickly burned-out flame."

"I offer Heaven, and peace, and rest,  
If thou wilt live and love thy best.  
Cling close to Christ, with steadfast trust,  
And Evil cannot harm the just."

\* \* \* \* \*

At rest ! and closed the weary eyes !  
No more can sin or grief surprise !  
What reck's it, did he laugh or weep ?  
"God giveth His belovéd sleep " !

---

# LARGHETTO.

## RUBINSTEIN'S OCEAN SYMPHONY.

### ALLEGRO-MAESTRO.

**T**HOU art so grand, so wonderful, O Sea !  
In all thy depths and whispering mystery ;  
Forever chafing 'gainst thy destiny,  
Forever telling o'er thy tale to me !

Thou art the pulsing, throbbing heart of earth—  
Throbbing in chaos, ere the world had birth ;  
Still art thou heaving, surging 'gainst her girth  
With yearning throes, till dimpled o'er by mirth.

When morning's sun pours forth his shimmering light  
Thy waves leap up and dance in mad delight ;  
Then croonest songs so softly, gay and bright,  
My heart, too, sings, forgetting there is night.

A change ! a cloud ! A storm is brewing fast !  
How moan the winds ! Thy joyous mood is past,  
Thy fury thunders, and the howling blast  
Hurls helpless ships beneath thy waters, vast.

## ADAGIO.

Alas ! that storms must come,  
And skies grow dull and gray !  
There is no gladness but shall die,  
All joys will fade away.  
Ah, woe to hearts that love !—  
So soon does love seem cold ;  
Ah, woe to hearts that hope !  
Hope lives not to grow old !  
Pale sky and moaning sea !  
Art calmer grown, to-day ?  
So spirits, too, shall rest ;  
Life will not last away.  
As on thy storm-tossed breast  
Sweet peace dwells once again,  
So hearts shall calmer grow,  
After long days of pain.

## ALLEGRO.

Away with gloom and pain and fears ;  
Away with tears !  
Our God is Lord of Earth and Heaven :  
By Him are given  
All storms, all calms. And in His hand  
Lie sea and land.  
Bright waters circling 'round the sphere  
Sing loud and clear.  
Stretch golden arms to golden sky ;  
God draweth nigh.

Go, wrap the shore in swift embrace—  
    With shining face ;  
Go, steal a kiss, and hie thee back,  
    Nor leave thy track.  
“ Thus far, no farther shalt thou go ”  
    In ebb and flow.

## ADAGIO-ALLEGRO.

Roll on, O sea, till time shall be no more !  
Beat on thy crags, and woo th' unyielding shore !  
Black clouds may frown, and hide the sun's bright  
    smile,  
We know his glory is but veiled awhile.  
Let all within thee sing a rapturous psalm  
To Him who holds them in His hollow palm.  
Let winds and waves their voices lift on high,—  
The Universe, its King shall glorify.  
Ah, heart ! my heart, wilt thou alone be dumb ?  
Have these few tempests left thee cold and numb ?  
Behold yon radiant, rosy sunset-flush,  
Where sea and sky respond with conscious blush ;  
'T is Love that folds them in his warm embrace,  
And Love is giving thee a resting-place.  
“ Let the floods clap their hands, the hills rejoice.”  
“ Let the sea lift to God its mighty voice.”  
“ Let the round world and all that dwell therein,”  
To serve the Lord with gladness, now begin.

---

## MY DIAMOND.

Imprisoned ray  
Of scintillating light !  
That caught the arrows bright  
Of earth's first day,  
And held them fast—  
Ray burning ray, till grown  
A miracle in stone !  
Breath of the past !

How then art thou,  
We know not ; how the light  
Congealed through primal night,  
Till glittering now  
A sunbeam's ice !  
Swift flashing back the rays  
Lent by those earliest days—  
Imprisoned twice !

Sealed in the earth,  
Or 'neath some limpid stream,  
Thy sheathed, piercing beam  
Awaited birth ;  
And till man bid  
Thy spirit break the spell  
That locked thy frosted shell,  
Thy light was hid !

Resplendent stone !  
Flinging out rainbow tints,  
And living light, and hints  
Of cycles gone !  
Would I could read  
Thy tales of other times,  
Of other men and climes,  
Since thou wast freed !

---

REQUIEM FOR DE LONG AND HIS  
COMRADES.

**L**ODDING through limitless ice-fields,  
Famished and fainting and cold ;  
Ice-needles pricking their vitals,  
Snow lying fold upon fold,  
Gaunt Famine beckons and mocks them,  
Brave hearts ! despairing, yet bold !

Lost ! in that blank, sterile region !  
Lost ! 'mid the ice and the snow !  
Vistas of glaciers before them !  
Rivers congeal as they flow.  
Tomed in their graves while still living !  
No hand to soften their woe !

Dying alone ! where the tempests,  
Cruel and cutting, have birth !  
Dying ! where piercing winds, howling,  
Send the last greeting of Earth !  
Death reigns supreme o'er this desert,  
Throned in its silence and dearth !

Dead ! in this land that is changeless !  
Dead ! with the pole star o'erhead !  
Dead ! from the pathway of duty  
Brave spirits sunward have fled !  
Ah, woe ! to the homes that are empty !  
And the hearts that are weeping their dead !

### PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S REQUIEM.

**T**OLL ! toll ! all ye English bells !  
In England's cause a prince is slain !  
Toll ! like a sob that swells and swells,  
Our sighs shall echo the refrain !

Toll ! toll ! for a son is gone—  
A widow's son,—like him of old,  
Cut down amidst life's rosy dawn,  
Her vanished past's last link of gold !

Toll ! toll ! for the fair, young life  
Ambition sacrificed to fame ;  
'T was valor thirsting for the strife,  
Nor martyr's crown, nor conscience' claim !

Toll ! toll ! for in him has died  
The hope of France's greatest name—  
The star that twice beamed far and wide,  
And twice set, 'neath dark clouds of shame !

Toll ! for in this adopted son  
Would Britain heal the blow she gave ;  
That he whose life she had undone  
Might find redress e'en in his grave !

Toll ! toll ! 'midst our honored dead  
Our foster-child's remains we lay ;  
In England's cause he fought and bled,  
And England shall this tribute pay !

---

## LIFTING THE VEIL.

**W**HAT hast thou, Life, dear Life, for me,  
In the years that lie beyond ?  
Hast thou glad days and lightsome glee  
To make my heart bound merrily ?  
And friends to be true and fond ?

I have bright hopes for those unknown years,  
I have visions of joy and love,—  
But there sometimes creep in deadly fears,  
Say, oh, say ! will they end in tears—  
Those dreams of joy and love ?

Thou canst bless with endless happiness  
The lives thou lovest to crown ;  
I pray, oh, I pray thee let me guess,  
Whether thou comest to me to bless,  
Or if I must bear thy frown !

Life, dear Life, let me lift the veil  
And see what awaiteth me.  
If the way grow rough, and my cheek grow pale,  
Will the love I live for ever fail ?  
Oh ! what shall my Future be ?

---

## WAS IT A DREAM ?

**I** HAD a dream last night, a troubled dream :  
Methought I sailed and drifted down a  
stream

That bore me to the sea ; my little craft,  
With all my treasures filled, both fore and aft,  
Sailed on. It dipped and dipped, like fluttering bird  
O'er dancing waters tipped with foamy curd.  
I was so happy that I sang with glee ;  
For I had her I loved, and all I owned, with me.  
And skies were calm, and summer airs were sweet,  
All life was joy, all happiness complete.  
On, on we sailed, my dearest love and I ;  
We left Past behind. Beyond lay Destiny,  
Far in the blue expanse,—a "promised land,"  
Where summer never wanes, by south winds fanned,  
Where flowers bloom ever, and where no decay  
Steals o'er the forests till they fade away.  
We knew no fear, we left behind all pain,  
One steered my barque, whose help is ne'er in vain,  
And skilfully I sailed my bonnie boat.  
But suddenly a squall arose and smote  
And lashed my skiff, as if in angry fray.

She strained and plunged like an affrighted steed,  
Whose fright to bit and bridle gives no heed.  
I furled my sail and grasped my clinging wife,—  
How helpless now to save that precious life !  
Yet, as we tossed and sank through piled-up waves,  
I cried : “ I have Him at the helm, who saves ;  
And this, a trusty craft, though weighted now  
With all our treasures, from the stern to bow.”  
I flung them one by one into the sea,—  
Our household gods ! Oh ! what were they to me  
Compared with life ; compared with that dear love  
That still was mine ? Was pride, was hope above  
Our lives ? Were wisdom and philosophy,  
Or e'en ideals worth our lives, that I  
Should freight our bark with them, and with them  
sink ?

So, ruthlessly I flung away each link  
That fettered. And the One who held the helm  
(Though fiercest billows threatened to o'erwhelm)  
Guided us safe, from rocks that would have wrecked.  
The storm abated, and the sea was flecked  
With foam,—like spotted serpent writhing still.  
We had escaped—we were not saved, until  
We flung out all we fixed our hearts upon—  
All that our future days seemed builded on.  
They were the lawful treasures of our hearts,  
That we had culled and earned in worldly marts ;  
Yet, they had weighted us, and clogged us fast ;  
But, yielding them, our Helmsman saved at last.

---

## STARVED TO DEATH.

"Before Bourbaki's army reached Switzerland, many thousands died in the Jura Mountains from starvation and cold."

—February 2, 1871.



H, the death, the destruction, the carnage, the dearth

In the revels that follow the war-demon's birth !  
Oh, the life-blood poured out in an expiatory draught—

Libation far richer than Bacchus e'er quaffed !

Oh, the din and the roar, and the sulphurous glare  
O'er the glory that 's born from the womb of despair !

Ere the victor can gather the spoils he has won,  
And the harvest of souls in the garner is flung !

Oh, the thousands cut down ere their life-page is filled !

Oh, the agonized hearts for each man that is killed !  
Oh, the cities that smoke 'neath that war-demon's brand,

And the homes that are wiped from the face of the land !

Yet a horror remains that is equalled by none  
(For danger 's forgot when a field can be won) :  
'T is a battle-scarred army, in hasty retreat,  
With men "dying by thousands for something to eat."

Men that laughed at cold steel and the needle-gun's  
hail,  
At the grip of gaunt Famine, grew helpless and pale ;  
As they toiled through the snow they dropped  
starving and wan,  
And a thousand had died ere the second day's dawn.

---

## AT REST.

In memory of M. C. Clarkson. Born, 1800 ; died, July, 1871.



DEAR hands, laid peacefully over the breast,—  
Hands that have toiled so long, taking their  
rest ;

Dear shining head, with its silvery hair,  
Quietly sleeping, forgetting all care.

Dear feet, that climbed so long up life's steep hill ;  
Dear heart, that throbbed with love : all, all are  
still.

Lay the dear body away to its rest,  
God called his soul home to realms of the blest.

So ends a life well spent, noble and brave,  
Ready with helping hand others to save.  
More than the threescore and ten years, he passed ;  
Gathered like well-ripened grain at the last.

---

## OCEAN PHASES.

**A** QUIET sea, all studded o'er  
With golden gems from the morning sun,  
Whose deep blue depths, with mystic whisper,  
Breathe the tale that is never done.

A placid sea, all dimpled o'er  
With dents where the soft south breezes play,  
All glowing bright, in the noontide light,  
And sprinkling high thy frothy spray.

A plashing sea, where white-caps dance  
And crest the waves, like snowy birds ;  
Now stealing tints from the sunset glow,  
Now curling in, like milky curds.

And swelling waves that, leaping over,  
Send silvery foam o'er satin sands,  
Whose opal hues are bright or hidden,  
As ebb or flow of tide demands.


An angry sea, that wider, higher,  
Its black, impatient, water throws,  
Whose dashing billows heave and toss—  
The tone a maddening roar now grows !

Till wind and wave, with fearful might,  
Combat, and hiss, and writhe for power ;  
The winds hurl back the angry waves,  
That seethe, and boil, and lash the shore.

Then calm again, O changeful sea !  
Each ripple tipped with lucent light ;  
While o'er thy breast a shining path  
Illumes the darkness of the night.

---

## DE PROFUNDIS.

ATHER, we know not why the way is dark.  
We slip and fall ;  
We lose our all ;  
And life seems drifting, like a helmless bark.  
Be Thou our stay !  
Turn night to day !  
And light our darkness with a heavenly spark !

Father, we know not, oftentimes, right from wrong.  
Show us Thy way ;  
Help us to say :  
“ Thy will be done.” Lead us along !  
Cheer every heart !  
Bid fears depart !  
And help us turn our sorrows into song !

---

## OUR DAILY BREAD.

“ **G**IVE us this day our daily bread.”  
Often and often the words are said  
With little thought of the sense they bear,  
But simply as *words* of our daily prayer.

What do the rich and over-fed  
Know of the hunger for daily bread?  
Only the poor and the starving know  
The needs from which this prayer can grow.

Know ye, O friend ! that these words are fraught  
With a deeper, underlying thought :  
A prayer, whose echo is in each heart,  
For wants in which we all have part.

“ Give us this day our daily bread ”  
Means : Give us the food on which hearts are fed ;  
Give us the love and the peace we crave,  
For the sake of Him who died to save !

Let us not, hungering, stand and wait ;  
But kneel and knock at the heavenly gate.  
Father, my heart would be filled by Thee ;  
Come with Thy love and ministry !

---

## "THE SEVEN LAST WORDS."

The hour is come !  
Christ prays alone upon the mountain top,  
Whilst they who love him sleep. And, drop by  
drop,  
Great beads of agony roll down upon the sod—  
The human nature wrestling with the God.  
*"Father, if possible, remove this cup ;*  
*Yet, if thy purpose bid me drink it up,*  
*Thy will be done !"*

From judgment-hall  
To Calvary, the Son of Man is led ;  
A crown of plaited thorns upon his head.  
They scourge, revile, and crucify our Lord ;  
Yet, at their buffetings he speaks no word—  
When mocked by Roman, spit upon by Jew—  
Save : *"Lord, forgive ; they know not what they*  
*do !"*  
This prayer is all.

Nailed to the tree,  
Our Saviour hangs between two common thieves ;  
And one, touched by his love, repents, believes,  
Reproves his fellow for his blasphemy,  
And humbly prays : *"O Lord, remember me !"*  
The suffering Saviour turns his pitying eyes  
On him, and says : *"This day, in Paradise,*  
*Shalt thou meet me !"*

With fear oppressed,  
'Mid jeering soldiers and blaspheming crowd,  
The friends that love him, near his cross are bowed.  
Christ sees his mother's heart pierced by his woe,  
And John, the loved one, shrinking at each throe ;  
Commits her as a sacred charge to John,  
And to his mother cries : "*Behold thy Son !*"—  
Love's last bequest.

Then on his soul  
Falls the world's sin, and man's disgrace,—  
Foul cataclysm that hides the Father's face !  
Alone, his human heart must bear the weight,  
And curse, and guilt his sufferings expiate.  
"*My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me !*"  
His human nature cries, in agony,  
While thunders roll.

Like patient lamb  
On Jewish altar laid for sacrifice,  
He pays his life-blood—our sins' awful price.  
Through all the pains that rack his tortured frame,  
No groan escapes. And when the wounds inflame,  
No murmur, no complaint, till the heart burst,  
And his first cry of suffering comes : "*I thirst !*"  
Then he is calm.

Behold ! 'T is done !  
Back to the Godhead, from the sacrifice,  
Divinity, the conqueror, shall rise,  
With human body deified. The Son  
Shall reign with Father, Spirit, three in One :  
"*'T is finished, in thy hands my spirit take !*"  
Earth trembles, darkness falls, the dead awake.  
Pardon is won !

## SCHERZO-ALLEGRO-VIVACE.

### WHY I LOVE HER.

**M**Y ladye is faire wi bonnie blue eyes—  
As blue as ye skies above her,  
With never a cloud in their sunny depths ;—  
But this is not why I love her.

My ladye has haire like a web of golde,  
Where ye sunbeams love to hover ;  
My hearte in its meshes is tangled faste ;—  
But this is not why I love her.

My ladye has lips, like a dewy bud  
Whose petals enfolde and cover ;  
And chekes, like a fragrant, blushing rose ;—  
But this is not why I love her.

My ladye's voice is so winning and sweet,  
That all who heare it, discover  
Her hearte is as tender and pure and true ;—  
And *this* is just why I love her.

## MIDSUMMER DAY SONG.

**T**HANK the Lord for a day so sweet,  
And for skies so clear and blue !  
For breezes that chase the whispering wheat,  
And rumple the hay-fields, new !


Thank the Lord for a day so fine,  
While the cherries hang ripe and red !  
My soul is drunken as with new wine,  
And the birds are mad, o'erhead !

Thank the Lord for a day so bright,  
In the midst of the summer's glare ;  
When butterflies pause in their zigzag flight  
To sip from the flowers, fair !

Thank the Lord for the honeyed scent  
Of clover and grape and pine !  
The lily and rose for the rich are meant ;  
But the wild-wood flowers are mine !

---

## A SUMMER WIND.

 SAIL the piles of fleecy cloud,  
O'er azure seas of ether ;  
I scatter them, like flecks of foam,  
Or drift them close together ;  
I spread them into gauzy veils  
To hide the sun's bright glances,  
And toss them in fantastic shapes  
To please my idle fancies.

I rock the tops of stately trees,  
And set their branches swaying ;  
I glide and creep, like hide-and-seek,  
Till every leaf is playing ;  
I sweep the willow's drooping plumes ;  
I make the aspens quiver,  
The oak-leaves shake the sunbeams through,  
And maples gently shiver.

And when I 've left each bush and tree  
In gently waving motion,  
I bring the flowers a cooling breath  
I gathered from old Ocean ;  
I kiss the rose's blushing cheek,  
And fan her perfumed sisters,  
And bear away their fragrant breath,  
Whilst they nod to my whispers.

I wander over sunny plains,  
And swing the tasselled grasses ;  
I linger o'er sweet clover-fields ;  
I climb dark mountain passes ;

I set great fields of bearded grain  
In undulating quiver,  
Till, in the sun they seem to be  
A rippling, golden river.

And then I leave the scented fields,  
And out of very pity  
I waft a purer atmosphere  
O'er dusty, crowded city ;  
The fragrance borne from bud and flower  
Is lost in reeking alleys ;  
But still I bear a purer air  
To hut as well as palace.

To many a weary, restless one  
I bring refreshing slumber ;  
As ministering spirit, go  
To sick-beds without number ;  
And then to roll a bursting cloud,  
I gather all my powers,  
And thirsty fields and dusty streets  
I bathe with summer showers.

---

BOREAS.

**D**OWN from Greenland's ice-fields,  
 O'er the tossing sea ;  
 Sailing mighty icebergs,  
 Dancing merrily !  
 Waving Southern forests  
 With my piercing breath ;  
 Nipping lagging rosebuds  
 With my touch of death.

Whistling through the key-hole ;  
 Moaning down the flue ;  
 Showing pretty ankles ;  
 Pinching noses blue.  
 Rattling the windows ;  
 Trying all the doors ;  
 Frightening the children  
 Creeping o'er the floors.

Whirling crispy leaflets  
 From the gaunt, old trees ;  
 Twirling them in circles,  
 Leaving them to freeze.  
 Nodding plummy cedars ;  
 Swaying lofty pines ;  
 Polishing the icepond  
 Till it fairly shines.

Tracing on the windows  
 Feathery designs ;  
 Peeping in at maidens,  
 'Neath the rocking blinds.

Rolling fleecy cloudlets  
O'er the moon's bright face ;  
Blowing off gents' chapeaux,  
Joining in the chase.

Hist, now ! there 's a fire ;  
I 'll go fan the flame,  
Freeze the sprays of water ;  
Are n't you glad I came ?  
How the people wonder  
At my merry pranks !  
Swear a little, sometimes ;  
Seldom give me thanks.

TO SOMEBODY.

**I** love thee, Dearest !  
Let my heart speak out,  
And ring the happy utterance of my love  
Full free, without a doubt.

I love thee, Dearest !  
And my woman's heart  
Turns to thee as a flower turns to the sun,  
That doth her warmth impart.

I love thee, Dearest !  
And that love has filled  
The empty shrine, left desolate enough  
By love long stilled.

I love thee, Dearest !  
With whole-hearted love,  
That puts thee first, in thought and act,—  
All else, above.

I love thee, Dearest !  
Will thy love hold true ?  
In sweetest pain, I trust my heart again  
To love, to hope, to you.

---

## FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.



LOVER, dear clover,  
Growing by the way,  
Nodding and whispering,  
What do soft winds say ?  
Have they a secret  
As they rustle by ?  
If flowers know it,  
Oh, why cannot I ?

Wheat-field's crisp whisper  
Breathes a mystery ;  
Come, pretty clover,  
Tell the tale to me.  
Thou hast sweet secrets  
Folded in thy breast,  
Sweet as the honey  
In thy rosy crest.

If there 's a message  
Hidden there for me,  
Show me a leaflet  
Counting more than three.  
Ah ! I have found it,  
And I ask no more !  
'T is my happy omen—  
Leaflet counting four !

---

## BONNIE MAY.

**B**ONNIE May, blithe and gay,  
With your blue eyes, wondering  
What means life with its strife,  
You have only reached the Spring,  
Scarcely tried your fancy's wing.

Bonnie May, bright alway,  
As one basking in the sun !  
Is it true, that for you  
Happiness is easily won ?  
Then your life were well begun.

Bonnie May, if, to-day,  
Sunrise flush is on your cheek,  
It is mete for you, sweet.  
Ofttimes, hearts through faces speak ;  
Yours I read, steadfast, yet meek.

•

Bonnie May, could I say,  
 What your future years should bring,  
 Love should bless, Fate caress,  
 Life ne'er hold so deep a sting  
 But you still could smile and sing.

---

MY PUZZLE.

**T**HERE 's a riddle seething through my brain,  
 Perhaps some friend can make it plain,—  
 A short harangue on things that be,  
 A query which doth puzzle me.

My text is found in the code of heaven :  
 " To them that have, it shall be given ;  
 Those with naught (but the de'il to pay),  
 What they have shall be taken away."

This in the Bible sense is right :  
 Where our souls in heavenly grace delight,  
 The exercise of our better powers  
 Develops good in these hearts of ours.

Here is no riddle, but lesson plain :  
 That talents, used, increase again ;  
 They who their chances fling away,  
 Have naught to reap on harvest day.

My puzzle is the literal sense  
The world gives this ; the pounds and pence  
She pours on those who have to spare,  
And the blanks she gives her sons of care.

Upon the rich all blessings shower,  
Homage and place, and friends and power ;  
The honest poor toil for their crusts,  
And gain the world's hard knocks and thrusts.

For beauty, love ; for talents, praise ;  
We kneel to those the rich upraise,  
While the plain, and those " not in our set,"  
Are just *extinguished*, without regret.

But is it fair that things be so ?  
And shall *we* follow, whether or no ?  
Or dare we start a plan of our own,  
To judge for ourselves, and " go it alone ? "

---

## MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

**M**ID all the philosophies, labelled as Truth  
There 's one it were well to impress,  
As a motto for sages, for youth, and for age ;  
'T is this : " Nothing succeeds but success."

It seems paradoxical, thus to assert,  
That merit is useless, unless  
There be stamped on its face the applause of the  
hour,  
Which is needed to give it success.

See the struggles to rise of some poor *inconnu*,  
Waiting vainly for fortune to bless ;  
We grant he has genius, but fate does not smile ;  
For " Naught can succeed but success."

He may be an Artist, with vision inspired,  
Whose brush Nature's charms can express ;  
We gaze and admire, but his pictures, unsold,  
Prove that " Nothing succeeds but success."

Perhaps a Musician, with heaven-lit fire,  
Pours out his full heart. We confess  
That his music is fine ; but we wait to applaud  
Till fashion shall grant him success.

Perchance 't is an Author who draws from his soul  
Deep thoughts that he aims to impress,  
Or sweet, subtle fancies, or dreams of the heart ;  
Yet, somehow, he fails of success.

While some fair *dilettante* has made a great stir  
By her froth of wit, love, and distress,  
She 's the *furor* to-day—though to-morrow, forgot,—  
For “ Nothing succeeds like success.”

Believe me, all ye who are tempted to soar  
By genius, your fate you can guess ;  
For “ *vox populi, vox Dei*,” in truth,  
And, “ Nothing succeeds but success.”

## FINALE—ALLEGRO.

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### SYMPHONY.

#### A HAPPY VOYAGE.

#### ON THE OCEAN.—*Allegro.*



HEAVING Sea ! our boat on thee  
Skims on, like flying arrow ;  
She flits and darts, whilst happy hearts  
Scarce know the decks are narrow.

Against the keel, and on the wheel,  
The sea, unceasing, splashes,  
In dulcet tones, or restless moans,  
As on the vessel dashes.

#### FOLK-SONG.—*Allegretto.*

Our hearts are gay,  
As day by day  
We near the distant haven,  
Whilst love and song  
To us belong,  
And joys on memory graven.

Come, watch with me  
The sparkling sea,  
With myriad mermaids, dancing  
To Triton's horn.  
Bright gems adorn  
Their brows, in sunlight glancing.

LOVE SONG.—*Adagio.*

O restless Sea ! O golden Sea !  
My Love doth read thy depths with me.  
As gaily as thy ripples play,  
So my Love's heart is blithe and gay !

As deep as Ocean's waters roll,  
So lie the depths within her soul !  
As restless waters kiss and blend,  
Our hearts and lives together tend.

Fear not, dear Love, to trust to me  
The gem thou guard'st so tenderly ;  
These arms shall shield thee from all harm,  
My Love surround thee like a charm.

LAND ! HO !—*Allegro-vivace.*

What, ho ! that call ? How hasten all  
To gaze on the horizon !  
Against the sky, we can descry  
A spot to rest the eyes on.

'T is land, at last—the voyage, past,—  
The birds fly out to meet us.  
'T is “home, sweet home,”—no more to roam ;  
There dear ones wait to greet us.

---

## ORATORIO OF “ISRAEL IN EGYPT.”

**I** HEARD the singing of a mighty throng ;  
Methought I stood 'midst Israel when their  
song

Of glad, exultant freedom swelled and tossed,  
Like surgings of that sea they had just crossed.  
The Lord had saved them by His mighty arm,  
Had gone before and shielded them from harm,  
Their bondage o'er, their cruel tyrants slain,  
They sang with streaming eyes : “The Lord shall  
reign.”

Above them hung the monument of cloud ;  
The women danced ; the hoary men were bowed ;  
Behind them lay their slavery and their past,  
Before them hope was beckoning at last.  
The Lord had led them with His own right hand,  
And He would guide them to their “Promised  
Land.”

Triumphantly they sang the grand refrain—  
Moses and all the hosts :—“The Lord shall reign.”

They sang in rapturous chorus "how the Lord  
Had triumphed gloriously, how His word  
Sent dole and plagues on Egypt, till the king  
Bade them depart ; and how the Lord did bring  
His children through the depths of the Red Sea,  
Whose waters swallowed up the enemy,  
When he had dared pursue." And yet again  
The hosts of Israel sang : " The Lord shall reign."

Methought I stood with them and heard their song,  
And heart and thought were swiftly borne along.  
Could these " redeemed and chosen of the Lord "  
Murmur and fear so soon, and doubt His word ?  
And cry : " We thirst," and " Wilt Thou starve us  
yet ? "

And look to Egypt's flesh-pots with regret,  
Scarcely one Sabbath after ? And in vain  
Moses reminded them : " The Lord shall reign."

Oh, faithless human hearts whom God hath blest,  
So ready to sink doubting and oppressed !  
What wonder that our wilderness is long,  
And weary wanderings to our lives belong ?  
One burst of rapture for some answered prayer,  
Then is forgot our Red Sea and His care.  
We need, like Moses, tell our souls again,  
The Lord hath led us out : " The Lord shall  
reign."

---

## ORATORIO OF "THE MESSIAH" SONNET.

**A**N Angel came, and whispering to the Seer,  
Bade him heed well the voices of his soul,  
Attuned to measures whose sonorous roll,  
Chaotic, waited his attentive ear.  
"Write, whatsoe'er thy genius bids thee hear,  
In tender cadences and swelling tones."  
Then Music, such as brings high heaven near,  
With sighs and prayers, and pæans and sad moans,  
Burst on his ravished consciousness, and taught  
His pen t' inscribe these symphonies intense,—  
For music is the soul's sweet utterance.  
The rhythmic thoughts embodied he, and wrought  
Messiah's story through each thrilling strain,  
Till homesick souls hear their own tongue again.

---

## TREASURE-TROVE.

**A** LEAFLET came fluttering earthward,—  
Amber, with carmine wings ;  
Nature's death-angel, the hoar frost,  
Droves of these wanderers brings.

A feather came drifting toward me—  
A flake from the azure sky,  
That a bluebird returning southward,  
Dropped as it flitted by.

I wandered along where the sea-drift  
Scallops the tawny sand ;  
A shell, like an ocean rose-leaf,  
Lay on the pearly strand.

A thought came hurrying by me,  
Lured by my treasure-trove,  
I grasped it ere it had vanished—  
So swiftly these spirits rove.

As leaflet and feather and sea-shell  
Trace what has come and passed,  
Naught but our works and our bounties,  
These transient lives, outlast.

---

### MY PHILOSOPHY.

**P**HILOSOPHIES have been, and creeds,  
Since human hearts first hoped and dreamed,  
Since reason's guiding planet beamed,  
And souls have strived to fill their needs ;

For in us burns the quickening breath  
Of truth and faith and high ideal—  
God's breath—uplifting to the Real,  
To keep our better selves from death.

So ever shall man's soul aspire  
To reach the Beautiful and True,


Since mistily they lie in view,  
To tempt his heaven-born powers higher.

He who unto his best is true,  
And his ideals firmly holds,  
His happiness securely moulds,  
Or joy or grief, his path bestrew ;

He only can confront stern Fate  
With courage. He rests satisfied,  
Though all life's sweetness be denied ;  
And living true, dies truly great.

---

### MY FRIEND.

 HAVE a tiny friend who is as dear to me  
As some of larger growth and higher destiny;  
A gentle, little friend, that loves to be caressed,  
And nestles in my arms with joy but half ex-  
pressed.  
Her shining topaz eyes unerringly can read  
Each varying mood of mine, that others scarce  
would heed.

If I am vexed or grieved, she presses to my side  
With boundless sympathy, and will not be denied.  
What though she *is* a cat, with gray and striped  
fur,  
My little friend loves me, and dearly I love her.

## THE WOOD-VIOLET.

**S**WEET little flower,  
Hiding thy head  
Under thy leaflets,  
On mossy bed ;

Peeping out shyly  
Under thy green ;  
Lovely blue eye  
Afraid to be seen ;

Blooming in beauty  
For no eye to see,  
True emblem art thou  
Of sweet modesty ;

Life with its duties  
Quietly done ;  
Living the truth ;  
Seeking praises of none.

Working for conscience  
Nor asking reward,  
Save what is promised—  
The smile of the Lord.


Another virtue  
Is symbolized in thee :  
Resignation is coupled  
With thy modesty.

Kissed by the sunbeams  
That dart through the trees,  
Thou sheddest no fragrance  
When fanned by the breeze ;

But torn from thy stem  
And pressed to my heart,  
Dost, drooping in death,  
A sweet perfume impart.

---

## APRIL SNOWS.

PRIL snows are drifting  
Through the balmy air,—  
Slowly, downward sifting,  
Though the skies are fair.

April's sun is gleaming,  
Whilst her snow-flakes fall ;  
Down its rays are streaming  
Petals, large and small.

April snows, perfuming  
With a fragrance rare,  
Are the wind-swept blooming  
Apple, peach, and pear.


Cherry bloom is glistening,  
White as Winter snow.  
What hears Apple, listening,  
That she blushes so?

And the peach is rosy  
From the sunset flush ;  
What is it in Spring-time  
Makes all Nature blush ?

On the soft Spring grasses  
Fall the fluttering flakes ;  
Every breeze that passes  
Little snow-drifts makes.

---

### BABES OF THE WOOD.

N fields where shrivelled Autumn leaves  
Lie heaped in every hollow,  
The sun a golden pathway makes,  
And wild flowers quickly follow.

They sprinkle every hill and dell,  
Like rainbow-tinted dew ;  
And under all the dead old leaves  
Hide flowers of every hue.

Blue violets peep from bare brown earth,  
Like maidens' dewy eyes ;  
And sweet forget-me-nots have caught  
The tint of April skies.

Anemonies sway in the wind,  
Like fluttering flakes of snow ;  
And wind-flowers nod their starry heads  
Whene'er the breezes blow.

Arbutus trails its perfumed buds  
Beneath some ancient rock ;  
And buttercups for gleaming gold,  
The very sunbeams mock.

O dainty little pencilled flowers  
Of striped pink and white !—  
Well called spring beauties, why so soon  
Your petals, close for night ?

And all ye bonnie, bonnie flowers  
That make the earth so gay,  
That come and go all silently,  
Why pass thus soon away ?

Ye come, like hope to troubled hearts,  
Left barren by some sorrow ;  
And, like those hopes, ye only gleam,  
To fade out on the morrow.

---

## FRÜHLINGSLIED.

**J**OYOUS Spring has come again,  
Spreading verdure o'er the plain ;  
Golden sunbeams waken earth  
To her glorious new-birth.

Through the budding woods we hear  
Easter carols, loud and clear ;  
Merry songsters chirp and sing,  
Heraldings of early Spring.

Dainty wild flowers show their heads,  
Peeping from their mossy beds—  
Tiny gems to deck earth's breast,  
Till in living green she 's dressed.

Ferns their plummy crests unroll,  
Opening, like folded scroll :  
Nodding to the wild flowers fair,  
Chivalrous and debonair.

Fruit-trees, bare awhile ago,  
Look like drifted, scented snow ;  
Cherry, peach, and apple bloom  
Fill the air with sweet perfume.

Grass each day becomes more green,  
Giving earth an emerald sheen ;  
And the streamlets flow along,  
With a merry, rippling song.


Folded into tiny buds,  
Bathed in sunbeams' golden floods,  
Forest trees their leaves uncloze,  
Gently as a blooming rose.

Every leaflet, folded down,  
Droops like fuchsias, newly blown ;  
Till the sun and winds have given  
Strength to turn their heads toward heaven.

Then the sun-rays filter through  
To the beds of violets, blue ;  
Rest in flitting, golden spots  
On the shy forget-me-nots.

---

## AUTUMN.

 OW glow the hills with yellow light,  
Through all these Autumn days !  
The sunlight drops, like molten gold,  
Through mellow, lucent haze.

It turns the gaily colored woods  
To red and orange flame,  
And sets their gorgeous tinting off,  
Like pictures in a frame.

The fringed gentian nods its head  
To scarlet cardinal ;  
And blue lobelia scarcely peeps  
At golden-rod, so tall.

The living green of Summer time  
Has ripened with decay,  
And decks the toil-worn, weary earth  
With this last bright bouquet.

The oak's carbuncle glow is set  
Beside the hickory's gold ;  
And scarlet sumac, chestnuts brown  
Round crimson dog-wood fold.

I oft-times think the Autumn glow  
That dying forests wear  
Is like the smile dead faces have,  
When freed from life's despair.

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## INDIAN SUMMER'S AFTERMATH.



DREAMY days that linger  
With trace of Summer yet ;  
So soft, so mild, so mellow,  
Though breathing a regret !  
Ye come, like farewell kisses,  
When love must soon grow strange ;  
That cling with painful fervor,  
And bode the bitter change.

Ye come, with added glory  
Of red and amber sheen—  
The Summer's ripened beauty,—  
To supplement her green.  
Ye pour this glory on us,  
In these sweet days of rest,  
That our regret may deepen  
To find the last, the best.

O peaceful days, and golden !  
Ye call back Summer flowers ;  
For daisies and red clover  
Peep out to count your hours.  
'Midst golden-rod and asters  
They wander, wondering  
To see the Autumn banners  
Beneath the skies of Spring.

So into hearts well ripened  
Spring joys may bloom again,  
And tangled cares and losses  
Find hope amid their pain.  
That clover is the sweetest  
Which blushes in the Fall ;  
That happiness, completest,  
Which comes the last of all.

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## NOVEMBER.

**S**UMMER leaves all scattered lie,  
Under the cold, white, wintry sky,  
Shrivelled and brown, like the empty shells  
That butterflies leave for sunny dells.  
Heaped in the hollows by the blast,  
Like phantom spirits of the Past.

Trees of Summer glory stripped,  
Living green with sunbeams tipped,  
Ye toss your gaunt, bare arms around,  
With hideous creaking, whistling sound ;  
Whilst piercing winds sweep howling by,  
With wailings like a lost soul's cry.


Hushed is cricket's blithesome chirp,  
Katydid, and tree-frog's quirk ;  
And all the droning harmony  
That thrilled the soul on Summer-day  
Now is stilled ; nor voice of bird  
In all the lonely wood is heard.

Brown of earth and gray of sky  
Chill the heart, oppress the eye,  
Speak of gloom and death and dearth,  
Of fading hopes and change on earth.  
Sad, we turn from Nature's sadness,  
Looking now within for gladness.

Now the ruddy, glowing coals  
Warm our bodies, thaw our souls,  
Till with talk, a book, or sewing—  
Whilst cold winds without are blowing—  
We find comfort, hearts grow lighter  
By the contrast, homes seem brighter.

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### THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

 H, the gladsome bells of Christmas,  
Ringing through the frosty air!  
Chiming, ringing, singing, rhyming!  
Driving out all thought of care!

Merry Christmas bells! proclaiming  
Joyful news of "Peace on Earth,"  
Swelling on the air, and telling  
Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

Prayerful bells of Christmas morning!  
Making spirits upward soar,  
Winging prayers, and heavenward bringing  
Hearts that thought to pray no more.

Joyful bells ! that ring a pæan  
To our resurrected King,  
Pealing gladly, while we, kneeling,  
All our adoration bring.

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## MEER-SCHAUM.

**I**T emblem art thou of our life, O Sea !  
O restless, changeful, calm, tempestuous Sea !  
Now swelling high with angry, fretful surge ;  
Now singing, gay ; now moaning a sad dirge.

Life with its changes and vicissitudes !  
Life with its calms, its storms, its angry moods !  
The throb of life is in each pulsing wave,  
As, rolling in and out, thy sands they lave.

On thy impressive surface glow the hues  
That thy surroundings shed, like gentle dews :  
The green and gold of hope ; the blue of peace ;  
The "couleur rose," when clouds and tempests cease.

When clouds, like a dark Providence, collect,  
Thy chafing breast their gloom will soon reflect ;  
As hearts, despairing, throb and cry aloud,  
Thy ashen surface fronts the dripping cloud.

As though thou wert earth's mighty, pulsing heart,  
Whose veins and currents permeate each part,  
Our restless hearts find prototype in thee,  
And in thy ceaseless plaint, find sympathy.

## THE FAIRIES' REVEL.

**I** WAS New Year's Eve, the last of the old  
year,  
When fairy folk and brownies do appear ;  
The earth was decked in robes of bridal white,  
And the young moon hung out her silvery light ;  
Old Boreas proclaimed throughout the land  
A summons to collect the fairy band.

From hill and glade they came with elfin glee,  
To elfish frolic and gay revelry ;  
'They flew in myriads down the North Wind's path ;  
They spread o'er earth, like Autumn's aftermath ;  
Their errand was to hide each wintry trace  
With flashing spangles, and 'neath crystal lace.

They hung each bush and tree with sparkling gems,  
Till all the branches looked like diadems ;  
The crystal-coated boughs and sprays, entwined,  
Cathedrals seemed, with dome and spire combined ;  
The roadside weeds, that erst were brown and bare,  
They hung with frozen dew-drops, pure and fair.

The golden-rod, shorn of its summer glow,  
That nodded ragged heads above the snow,  
By magic wands transformed, is standing now,  
Rich jewel-plumed, fit for a monarch's brow ;  
And naked stalks, where shrivelled asters hung,  
Are crystal wands, with flashing stars among.

Wild carrot flowers, dried to tiny nests,  
They filled with snow. And on the fences rests  
A fringe of icicles, wove by these sprites,  
That gleams beneath the moon, like diamond  
lights.

The withered heads of sumac, on bare stems,  
They turn to sceptres, crested with bright gems.

At midnight, when Time ushered in his bride,  
The earth was radiant, and far and wide  
The trumpet tones of Boreas rang out :  
“ Come, fays and sprites ! come, dance and sing and  
shout !

Come, with your frolics make the welkin ring !  
A glad New Year to one and all I bring ! ”

The morning came—the sun sent gleams and  
glints  
Into each crystal, and gay rainbow tints  
Flashed out from bush and foliage and fence ;  
But all the fairy folk had vanished thence,  
Leaving their gems to prove they had been here  
To welcome in another glad New Year.

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